

## Damaged by CaptainJockfromTouchwood

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**Summary:**

Mike Wheeler was drowning, feeling like the world was conspiring against him. Everything was falling apart around him, so what was he to do?

Drown in an incontrollable RAGE!

## **1. Chapter 1**

### **Author's Note:**

This basically happened cause I thought "What if Mike was a Red Lantern?" Don't expect too many happy feelings in this one...

Mike stared in a stupefied horror, as El was torn into by the Spider Monster, having just finished off Billy. It only lasted a second before the creature stopped moving, seemingly dying, but it was too late.

"EL!" Mike yelled, running over to her bleeding and broken form, trying his best to stop the bleeding. There was so much blood, what did he do?! How did he fix this, how did he save her?!

"M-Mike..." El got out weakly, choking on her own blood. She had to tell him something, before she left. She couldn't feel her legs anymore, and although she was scared, she needed to be strong, strong for her beloved Mike.

"Love...you..." She breathed, and Mike watched as her eyes closed, and her chest stopped moving, an almost peaceful look on her face, now that she had spoken those special words to him.

No...no this wasn't happening! El was just sleeping, they could get her to a doctor, and then she would wake up, and he could see her beautiful brown eyes again, looking at the world with such wonderment and awe. She would, she would...

Mike Wheeler felt a piece of himself die that day, body moving on

autopilot, having to be guided around by his friends and family. Hopper had apparently died as well, Joyce breaking the news to Will, who told him later. He could only offer a nod, too numb to even speak, to move.

3 months later, Mike would be in his room, thinking on the fact that the Byers were moving out of Hawkins. It should have upset him, that one of his best friends was leaving, but he just didn't have the energy to care at this point.

Ever since he had watched El draw her last breath, he just hadn't been the same. There were times he started getting angry, but he was able to repress those feelings, preferring to feel numb instead.

**"Do not repress your anger, embrace it."** A voice said, seemingly in his head. Mike shot to his feet, looking around in confusion. Was he going crazy now? He thought it would have taken longer than 3 months before he went insane.

**"You have great rage in your heart. You belong to the Red Lantern Corps."** The voice continued, before with a red flash, a red ring appeared in front of him, floating in the air. Red Lantern Corps...was that like the Green Lantern Corps, from the comics? Feeling drawn to the red ring, he slowly reached out, and the ring seemed to move on its own, sliding onto his middle finger.

Mike bit back a scream, feeling like his blood was boiling, feeling the worst pain ever in his entire life, the only thing that could compare was when El had...

El...she had been taken from him, and why was that? Because of the Russians, because of the government, kidnapping children, taking them from their families, treating them like simple test subjects, like animals!

"With blood and rage of crimson red..." Mike recited, the words seemingly popping into his head. He felt his anger, anger at the world for taking El, at the injustice brought about by corrupt governments and the adults that ran them!

"Ripped from a corpse so freshly dead..." Mike continued, remembering all the times Troy would bully him and his friends.

"Together with our hellish hate..." He remembered when Hopper revealed that he had kept El locked away, knowing he was hurting and in pain, not doing a DAMN thing to help him!

"We'll burn you all--that is your fate!" He finished, feeling burning agony reaching a crescendo in his body, before it finally went away, Mike falling to his knees in exhaustion, sweat pouring from his head onto the floor.

Looking at his hand, he saw the ring was still there, feeling almost...like it belonged there. Clenching his fist, he pushed himself up to his feet, deciding he'd had enough for one night, and went straight to bed. He had to bid goodbye to his best friend after all.

The next day, Mike silently helped Will move his packed belongings into the moving truck, feeling that all too familiar rage bubbling beneath the surface. Why Joyce thought it was a good idea to take

Will from his best friends, his support group, he would never understand. God, it always came back to the adults, ruining the lives of the children.

Except...were they even children at this point, after all they had been through? Mike at least felt like he had aged 10 years since the Fourth of July, and he couldn't imagine what Will felt like, since that night in 1983.

Going through the rounds of goodbyes and hugs, when Mike hugged Will for what could be the final time, his anger was tinged with a bitter feeling, like the world was laughing at their misery.

Standing there with the others, watching Will get further and further away, Mike felt like he was going to explode, a pool of anger, sadness, and grief swirling around inside him. He biked his way back home, not saying a word to anyone, going to sulk in his room.

Later that night, Mike lay in bed, wide awake. He kept thinking about the ring on his finger, and the potential it gave him. If it was *anything* like the Green Lantern, he could do so much with this!

Deciding he needed to test himself, he snuck out of the house, making his way to the Byers former residence. Passing by the empty house, he could remember all the good times he and Will shared in that house, just hanging out, living their lives. Continuing into the woods behind the house, he eventually found the destroyed remains of Castle Byers.

Closing his eyes, he remembered saying those hurtful things to Will,

watching as he left his house, despite the fact it was raining. Focusing on his feelings of anger, he recited the oath from before, feeling his rage skyrocket, directing it at the world around him.

Once he finished, Mike was now wearing a form fitting red and black suit, almost identical to what Hal Jordan wears in the comics, besides the fact the green was replaced by red, and the symbol was different. Looking around, he focused on doing one of the things Green Lantern was most popular for, making constructs.

After hours of work, he determined that yes , he could pretty much do everything Green Lantern could, with the bonus of making portals, so that was cool. Flying back to his house, because that was cooler than walking, he entered through the basement door, briefly looking over at the blanket fort he had made for El.

Memories flashed through his mind, of giving her the nickname “El”, of bringing her Eggo’s for breakfast, teaching her what “promise” meant, dressing her up. Shaking those thoughts away, he crept upstairs, not wanting to deal with anyone, and finally getting back in bed.

Meanwhile, Will Byers lay awake in bed, thinking about everything that had happened in his life the past 3 years. From being abducted by a monster, being possessed by an even BIGGER monster, and most recently having faced a proxy of that same monster, as well as Russians, he wondered why his life had become like this.

He thought about Mike, and how he was doing, ever since El had died. There was a part of himself that resented his mom, for forcing him to move away from his friend, his best friend who was clearly hurting, and needed him now more than ever.

Will had overcome insurmountable odds before, having survived a week in the Upside Down, he would be damned if he was stopped from helping his best friend! Suddenly, a green glow appeared before him, and he recognized it instantly, having read the comics.

“A Green Lantern Power Ring...” He muttered in awe, wondering if this was a dream? The Upside Down was one thing, but this was something from a comic!

**“You have the ability to overcome great fear. Welcome to the Green Lantern Corps.”** A voice spoke to him, before he moved his hand to the ring, sliding it onto his middle finger.

“In brightest day, in blackest night...” Will spoke, knowing the words by heart after reading the comics so much.

“No evil shall escape my sight...” He thought about when he first woke up after the exorcism, surrounded by his family and friends.

“Let those who worship evil’s might...” He thought back to seeing the Demogorgon for the first time, doing his best to hide from it.

“Beware my power--Green Lantern’s light!” He finished, a green aura enveloping his body, before just as quickly disappearing. Looking down at the ring, he was overcome by an indescribable feeling, clenching his hand into a fist.

He could protect himself now, but more than that, he could protect his loved ones...

## 2. Chapter 2

When Will had called him, saying he was coming over for a surprise visit, Mike felt a glimmer of happiness for the first time since the summer of 85. He went to the remains of Castle Byers, where Will had said they would meet up.

Leaning against a tree, he was caught COMPLETELY off guard to see Will, looking like a Green Lantern, floating down from the evening sky. Before he even touched the ground, Mike was walking towards him, activating his own ring, to Will's utter shock.

"You too?!" Will asked, looking at Mike's Red Lantern outfit. He actually looked very attractive in the black and red, and noticed with a blush, Mike was checking him out as well. It had been 6 months since he moved out of Hawkins, so they were both older now.

"Will..." Mike muttered, surprised at this turn of events. He thought he had been the only one, when did this even happen? He supposed it didn't matter, what *did* matter was that Will was here, looking really good in that tight spandex, and he wanted to just grab him, bend him over a table...

He rushed forward, kissing Will, who although was surprised, immediately started kissing back. Mike's hands went around him, tightly grabbing his ass, causing Will to moan into his mouth, pushing further over the edge.

Mike conjured a red table, throwing Will into it, using constructed handcuffs to restrain him. Will himself let it all happen, knowing this was something Mike needed, and as his best friend, he was willing to

put his body on the line, even though this kind of rough play was *incredibly arousing*.

Will felt Mike tear a hole in his suit, before sliding a thin energy construct in his asshole. He moaned, feeling it slowly stretch him out, preparing his ass for when Mike started ramming into him.

“Yeah, you like that?” Mike rhetorically asked, spanking his ass, causing Will to yelp. With tears in his eyes, he could barely get out a “yes”, before Mike slammed into his ass, dick feeling so big inside him.

“Ahn!” Will moaned, eyes rolling into the back of his head, as Mike continued pounding into him.

“Say you’re my bitch! SAY IT!” Mike screamed, dick shoved so far in him, it hit his prostate.

“I’m your bitch! Your slut! YES!” Will cried out, the pleasure so intense he came, staining the inside of his super suit, and feeling Mike shoot his load deep into him.

Mike pulled out, admiring the cum leaking from Will’s asshole, before picking him up. Dismissing his constructs, he carried him all the way back to his old house, easily breaking into it.

Laying him down in what used to be the Byers living room, he got to work tearing off their suits, leaving them completely bare, save the

mask on their faces. Lying on top of him, Mike pushed his legs up, slipping his dick back into Will's perfect asshole.

"Fuck!" Will cursed, head spinning from all the pleasure. Mike started kissing him, running his hands all over his body, admiring every inch of him.

"Tell me you need me." Mike murmured against his lips, kissing and separating every so often.

"I need you, please." Will weakly pleaded, not used to being put through these kinds of things. Not to say it didn't feel good, because it CERTAINLY did.

They moaned into each other's mouths, Mike cumming yet again in Will's asshole, filling it with so much cum that it started overflowing. Pulling out, he fell next to him, taking a moment to catch his breath. God, Mike couldn't remember the last time he had felt that good, felt so in control of something.

Repairing their suits, they went their separate ways, Will promising to keep in touch as much as he could, Mike nodding silently at him. It had felt good, to be with him like that, although he imagined it would have been better had it been El...

Shaking those thoughts away, he focused on the future, suppressing his grief and anger, waiting until it was the right time to unleash those feelings. Better to just let loose on an enemy, instead of constantly feeling an almost uncontrollable rage.

Before he knew it, 2 more years would pass him by, the monotony of life only broken by Will's visits. Mike had tried, but every time he saw Will, he felt this intense lust for him take over. Every time they met up, Mike would near instantly begin fucking Will, who never complained, enjoying it like the broken little mess he was.

He wasn't a fool, he knew they were both broken, messed up in the head, and to be perfectly honest? Mike didn't care, just did not give a damn. Life had decided it was funny to constantly beat him down, so he stopped caring what others thought of him a long time ago.

The next time he visited though, Mike did his best to restrain himself, letting Will decide what they would do today. He'd much rather just get to the fun parts, but knew that wasn't fair to Will, and El wouldn't have liked the way he was acting.

That was another thing, Mike would always love El, no matter what. He cared about Will, but not in that way, the way he did for El. He had a vague understanding of Will's feelings about him, hard not to notice something like that after 2 years. They hadn't talked about it, hadn't wanted to change anything, content with how things were, and Mike was fine with that, but didn't know if Will was truly as okay with the arrangement as he said he was.

For today, they were eating out at Enzo's, and Mike forgot how good this kind of food was. He had been living off of canned food mostly, not eating dinner with his family, who weren't too happy about his attitude, but like he said, he didn't particularly care what they thought about him.

As they were eating though, they heard a commotion from outside, looking to see a car flying down the street. People started screaming and panicking, but Mike and Will just looked at each other, before simultaneously heading for the bathroom.

Bursting through the wall, decked out completely in their Lantern suits, they saw a black dressed figure down the street, using black energy constructs to destroy and kill people. A Black Lantern?! Christ, where were all these rings coming from?!

Mike threw an energy car towards the figure, too quickly for them to dodge, watching with satisfaction as they were sent flying from the impact. Laughing derisively, he was unprepared for the black beam of energy flying towards him, sending him hurtling down the street.

“Mike!” Will called out, but made sure to keep his eyes on the opponent. As they got closer though, he could see they were slightly deformed, their face pale and scared, looking like they had been attacked by a creature of some sort.

“Ah, I know you. The Byers boy.” They said, shocking Will. How did this person know him? He had never met this man in his entire life! Mike came running up, having recovered from the blow, but upon seeing the man’s face, it was like he had seen a ghost.

“Brenner...” Mike growled, glaring hatefully at the man. Brenner? Wasn’t that the guy that tried to capture El, only to be killed by the Demogorgon? That was what they had told him, at least.

“Ah, it’s you. How is Eleven doing, by the way?” Brenner asked,

smiling cruelly at them, and Will knew instantly that he was aware of her fate, only saying that to hurt Mike. He looked over, seeing his best friend looking more angry than he had ever seen him before. He looked *infuriated*, looking like he was ready to kill someone.

“Fucking BASTARD!” Mike yelled, before rushing at him, appearing right in front of Brenner in an instant. Seemingly caught off guard, he was unprepared for the punch to his stomach, nearly being folded over by the blow, before Mike blasted him back with a concussive force.

Mike constructed dozens of energy balls, before throwing them forward, uncaring at the innocent people caught up in his barrage. Will stood, rooted to the ground in horror, as people were completely obliterated, only a few of the energy balls actually hitting Brenner. He snapped himself out of it, knowing he needed to get Mike to calm down.

“Mike! Calm down!” Will yelled out to him, drawing his attention, but unfortunately Mike was too consumed by rage, blindly attacking anything that even *moved*.

“Shit!” He cursed, dodging one of Mike’s rage induced attacks. He noticed Brenner sneaking up on him, and before he could get a warning out, pierced directly through Mike’s chest with an energy sword. Mike coughed up blood, which dripped onto the ground, appearing to be boiling hot.

“How disappointing.” Brenner taunted, but before he could pull the sword away, he was shocked to see Mike grab onto it, squeezing so tightly, it shattered into pieces. Mike slowly turned around, blood dribbling from his mouth like saliva, spitting some of his blood

directly into his eyes.

“AARGH!” He yelled, hands covering his face, completely blinded, before feeling something puncture his chest. He choked on his own blood, before his heart was *literally* ripped out of his chest, before an enormous blast vaporized his body, leaving nothing left.

Mike stood there, blood dripping between his fingers, holding the crushed remains of Brenner’s heart, before falling to his knees, landing face first into the concrete. Will ran over, rolling him over, doing his best to stop the bleeding, but every time it touched him, it burned horribly.

“Mike, just hang on, okay?!” Will pleaded, using his powers to try and stop the bleeding. Mike groaned weakly, opening his eyes to see Will hovering over him. He focused, bringing forth more of his rage, to help heal faster from the damage.

“Hate...” Mike muttered, but Will couldn’t hear anything else, watching as he passed out right before his eyes. Picking him up gently, he flew off, briefly looking at the destroyed section of Hawkins, littered with dead bodies.

Landing back at his old house, he brought Mike to his old bedroom, conjuring a bed for him to lay on. Will stood by his side, to make sure he healed properly, and nothing unexpectedly bad happened.

Hours later, Mike was finally healed enough to move on his own, shrugging off Will’s offer to help. Once he came back from the bathroom though, Will figured it was time to bring up something he

had been waiting to talk about.

“Mike, before you passed out, you mentioned something about ‘hate’?” Will questioned, watching as his friend seemed to go completely still, and after nearly a minute of tense silence, he seemed to relax, although not completely.

“...I hate a lot of things. I hate the world, for taking the love of my life away from me. I hate the government, for thinking it was alright to experiment on innocent children! I hate your mom, for taking you away! I hate my family, for being so fucked up! But you wanna know what I hate the most?!” Mike angrily asked Will, voice cracking from the raw emotions he was feeling. When Will solemnly nodded, he was stunned silent by his answer.

“...I hate myself the most.” Mike said, glaring down at his hands, like they had wronged him somehow. Every day, ever since El had died, he had blamed himself for her death. If he was stronger, if he was faster, if he was *better!*

“Mike...” Will muttered, hand going to place itself on his shoulder, before Mike jumped away, glaring at him. Will watched as he flew off, breaking through the roof, flying to who knows where, leaving a distraught Will to think on his final words.

“*...I hate myself the most.*”

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Bit sad there, isn't it? Something may come of this, I'm not too sure yet. Hopefully you enjoyed what my horrible mind cooked up.

### **3. Chapter 3**

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Inspired by my friend being totally awesome, prepare some tissues folks.

Mike walked through the woods, stopping once he reached his destination. It appeared as an ordinary clearing, but to him, this was a special place, the place where everything started, so to speak.

This was where he had met Eleven.

Today was November 7th, 2003, exactly TWENTY years since the day he met El. Twenty years since he had found his soulmate, his other half. Mike did his best to hold back the tears, but on this special day, that was impossible.

He walked over to a tree, where M + E inside a heart was carved into it. He had miraculously found this place, just a week before the Fourth of July. He had been planning on taking El here in the future, to propose to her...

That dream was obviously dead now, everything died that horrible night. He placed the dandelions down, her favorite flowers, and started speaking.

“El...it’s the 20 year anniversary of the day we met. I...” Mike trailed off, unable to hold back sobs of anguish. Taking a minute to collect himself, he began speaking again, knowing this needed to be done.

“...I’ve done my best El, but I just can’t do this anymore. That day, it wasn’t just you that left me, it was my will to live. You were my sole reason for living, and without you... it’s just too hard.” He said, falling to his knees before the makeshift grave. The only reason he was still around at this point was because of Will, and now that he was gone...

“Mike.” A familiar voice rang out, Mike’s eyes shooting open in shock. Taking stock of his surroundings, he saw that he wasn’t in the woods anymore, but some sort of ethereal void. Getting to his feet, he looked around, before stopping as soon as he laid eyes on the figure standing behind him.

No...this wasn’t happening. This was some sort of sick dream he was having, some higher being must have thought it would be funny to do this to him before he died. El was standing before him, looking just as she did the night she died, minus the blood and the wounds.

“Mike, it’s really me. I promise.” She said, and for some unknown reason...he believed her, that she was really here, talking to him. He walked towards her, tears pouring down his face, stumbling over his own feet, which elicited a smile from her. As he approached her, his body began changing, de-aging until he was 14 year old Mike Wheeler once more.

“El, EL!” Mike sobbed, slumping into her waiting arms, soaking in her familiar warmth, the feeling of her hand playing with his hair. He couldn’t stop shaking and crying, because this was *real*, El was here holding him, and he never wanted to let her go.

“Mike, listen to me.” El said with a serious tone, Mike straightening up, but still holding onto her. She smiled at him, but this time it was tinged with sadness.

“You can’t die yet Mike, it’s not your time.” She said, causing his eyes to widen? She knew? He stepped back, feeling his chest tighten in pain.

“No... it should have been me, not you! I can’t... I don’t deserve to live!” He cried, falling to his knees. Seeing her now, it was just too much, he couldn’t keep going on any longer. He felt her gently grab his chin, lifting his head so they were staring into each other’s eyes now.

“I’m sorry you’re hurting Mike, but you can’t die. You can still do so much good, you have a purpose now. I know you blame yourself, but I’m telling you, there was nothing you could have done.” El said, tears appearing in her own eyes.

“I’ve been watching over you, all this time, and it hurts to see you like this.” She said, barely holding back sobs of her own. Mike reached out with his hands, cupping her face, wiping away her tears with his thumbs.

“There’s nothing you need to be forgiven for, and even if there was, I would have forgiven you a long time ago. I love you, so much.” El said, voice thick with emotion. She started glowing, like she was about to disappear, and he didn’t think he could handle that.

“El! Please, don’t leave me! Not again...” Mike pleaded and begged,

even though a part of him knew she couldn't stay. El placed her own hands on his face, leaning in to kiss him softly, Mike instantly returning it, both knowing this would be their final kiss for a long time.

"Please Mike, promise me you'll live. Promise me." El asked, practically begging him to make this promise. Who was he to deny her?

"I promise." Mike choked out, watching as her body started becoming see-through, the area around him beginning to disappear as well. She smiled at him, with such a boundless amount of love for him, he was nearly floored.

"I love you..." Her voice echoed, and soon he was left all alone, kneeling in the middle of the woods, still right by the makeshift grave he had made for her years ago. Standing up, he wiped away the last of his tears, before walking off, looking back over his shoulder at the picture of him and El, standing underneath a mistletoe, taken on Christmas of 1984.

He had broken so many promises, but this was one he was determined to keep, no matter what...